

Mountain Of Love

By michael markar

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When I look in her eyes she says : come and kiss me without telling me that you going to kiss me.

she says : touch me every where but let me feel Iâ€™m alone by my self, like she is touching her self.

She says: grab me hard but donâ€™t hurt me, search for me but donâ€™t call my name.

Call me on the phone but donâ€™t say anything , I want to fill the silence by myself with words that are Godly.

If you see me wounded, take care of me but keep the wounds unclosed, I donâ€™t want you to stop taking care of me , I want to feel that you are keep up coming back to care for me time after time after time.

When Iâ€™m dead, grief and cry for me, but donâ€™t bury me, I donâ€™t want to fade away, keep my presence alive for ever dwelling in the air.

When you see me crying and being sorry for me, donâ€™t look in my eyes but walk away far away baby.

Start at the foot of a mountain and as you climb, think of me with lots of purity and compassion, and finally when you decide to cry please wait till you have reach the top, then let it all out their on the mountain of compassion and love all your tears and let it flow down from the top like a river deep into the valley of my heart, who was dark and dry and waiting for one drupp of your precious tear, then I finally know , that I can love you for eternity without and fear.

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